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In Wonder Bed what various Beauties rise?
Behold that Flow'r still verging to the Sun,
Thanking the Pow'r from whence it first begun,
Learn then, proud Reasoner from the grateful Flow'r
Upwards to look and the Great Cause adore.*



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MR. HERVEY'S (James)
CONTEMPLATIONS

ON A
FLOWER-GARDEN,

Done into BLANK VERSE,

(After the Manner of Dr. Young)

By T. NEWCOMB, M.A.



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Mr. H. B. V. D. V.
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FLOWER-GARDEN

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By T. H. B. V. D. V.

LONDON
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To her GRACE

The Dutcheſs of RICHMOND.

May it pleaſe your GRACE,

A Garden was the firſt pleaſing and beautiful habitation of our firſt parents; ſeleſted by heaven, as the moſt agreeable ſcene, to amuſe their thoughts, and to protect their innocence; and I have reaſon to believe, that the verdant lawns, the arching ſhades, the cooling groves of GOODWOOD *, may long afford your GRACE the ſame transporting pleaſures.

When you have experienced all the glittering and pompous vanities of this world; the emptineſs of titles, the inſufficiency of birth and grandeur, to add any thing to our real happineſs; meteors theſe, which ſhine and invite, only to cheat and delude us; your GRACE will be convinced at laſt, that the ſweeteſt, the moſt refined, and ra-

* A beautiful ſeat of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, in Suſſex.

DEDICATION.

tional satisfactions of life are only to be enjoyed in these rural retirements, which moralize and instruct, while they delight us ; gratifying our senses at the same time that they are guardians of our virtue. A solemn evening's walk in this enchanting solitude, formed to awaken serious thoughts and calm reflections, on all the fleeting transient glories below, will inspire you with more soft, more tender, and refined Sensations, than you can hope to derive from the flattering gaieties of a court, or the treacherous smiles of fortune. It is in this cool, this peaceful, and instructive retirement, that the mind usually first begins to attend to the voice of wisdom, drops its pride and ambition, meditates upon its immortal state, and borrows its intellectual light, even from these shades.

These, MADAM, are truths unpleasing perhaps to the ear of one in the prime of her youth and beauty, (which, like the flowers I present your GRACE with, must soon

DEDICATION.

soon decay and languish;) but they are the truths which reason subscribes to, and experience ratifies; resembling those salutary tho' bitter medicines which disgust us first and afterwards relieve us.

Your GRACE has already gained a conquest over the heart of a most worthy and distinguished nobleman, esteemed and beloved at home, admired and honoured by the most refined and polished courts in EUROPE: extend your power yet farther, strive to obtain a victory over yourself; a more glorious and laudable triumph, which will entitle you to a more illustrious crown than the proudest victors upon earth ever layed a claim to.

One particular reason of my presuming to affix your GRACE's name to this poem, and to desire your acceptance of it, was the opportunity it gave me of making a grateful and public acknowledgment of those signal favours I have received from that noble and generous family to which you are
now

DEDICATION.

now happily allied; and could I hope for the continuance of the least share of their regard and friendship, I should esteem the last scenes of a life, almost wore out with age and infirmities, not altogether unhappy.

Be pleased, MADAM, to accept of my most affectionate and ardent wishes, that your present felicity may be as lasting as it is now sincere and real; which time may prolong, though it wants a power to augment, or improve it.

I am, (may it please your GRACE)

Your GRACE's most dutiful

And obedient humble servant,

Hackney,
June 29, 1757.

T. NEWCOMB.

E R R A T A.

- Page 21. l. 20. for even, r. eve.
25. l. 22. for incites, r. incite.
26. line the last. for that, r. what.
27. l. 3. for breath, r. breathe.
30. l. 14. for quick, r. quite.
17. l. 8. for her, r. its.
73. l. 10, for turtle, r. turtles.

ERRATA

- Page 21. l. 10 for over, read
22. l. 1. for in, read
23. line 12. for that, read
24. l. 1. for in, read
25. l. 1. for in, read
26. l. 1. for in, read
27. l. 1. for in, read
28. l. 1. for in, read
29. l. 1. for in, read
30. l. 1. for in, read

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

PART I.

NOW from his orient throne the golden sun
Had pour'd his morning beam, and shed a light,
To beautify the world's reviving scenes.

Soft was the dewy air, the breathing gale
Refreshing nature's face, rich, beauteous, gay.

Scarce yet awake the poring eye of care
Unseals its lid, while riot's giddy head
Was just reclin'd upon its couch of down.

Still and serene creation's ample round,
While each fair object opening with the morn,
Joins to beget tranquility of mind,
The heart-felt joy and serious thought inspires.

B

Now

Now tow'ring on the wing, sublime in air,
The lark, melodious songster, mounted high,
Breaths her soft mattins, and salutes the day
That lifts her from her bed.---Her early notes
Call the tir'd labourer to renew his toil,
And all the feather'd choir to join her song.

How sweet each breath of air! to roam abroad
In this delicious fragrant hour of prime?
To tread the dewy flowering lawns, and taste
The various blessings, with a bounteous hand
Pour'd out by heaven, each ravish'd sense to charm.
Ye sons of indolence and sloth, arise,
Start from your drowsy pillows, and partake
More solid bliss, reach'd out each blissful morn
By heaven's indulgent smile, than what you share
From guilty pleasures, killing while they please.

Gently the greyness of the dawn decays,
And ruddy streaks of gold begin to tinge
The fleeces of the clouds; till now the east
Varies her aspect, lost her quiv'ring light
In a bright, ardent, glowing flood of day.
Say, is it fancy's power inspires the dream,
Suggests the thought; or, do the blushing skies

Redden

FLOWER-GARDEN.

3

Redden with conscious shame, such crowds to view
 Pressing their pillows, while the morn awakes,
 Inviting every eye to hail its beams?
 Shall man be lost, stretch'd on his bed of down,
 Waste all his solemn hours in thoughtless ease,
 While, mounted on his golden car, the sun
 Travels from world to world in haste to bear
 His Maker's dread commands, and all the choir
 Of feather'd minstrels join their grateful songs
 To celebrate their great creator's praise.
 Oh! heighten the sweet harmony, proud man,
 Of these melodious tribes, and add the strains
 Of warm devotion to their tuneful lays;
 Improve the gifts of heaven, and, ah! refine
 Its balmy odours with a breath of praise.
 What floods of light are those, which pain the eye,
 And brighten the red atmosphere?—Dread scene!
 See! there the light'nings dart their ruddy flames,
 The sky above all vaulted o'er with fire
 Shot from the bursting cloud! There thunders roll,
 Uttering a dreadful voice; loud tempests spend
 Their madding fury through the ample space

Stretch'd out above, where worlds unnumber'd roll
Each above each, in beauteous order rang'd!

Amazing theatre! how vast the power
Of that creating hand, which spread so wide
The ample vault where stars and planets blaze!
Immeasurably wide to human eye;
To his, who views creation at one glance,
Pervades the universe, a point, a grain,
That dwindles into nothing when survey'd;
Tho' high in power, yet, ah! to wretched man,
Diffain'd with guilt, his mercy's more sublime.

Gazing yon golden heavens, what object first
Attracts our wonder? See the radiant sun,
High in his bright pavillion thron'd, begins
His rapid progress from the eastern sky,
Flaming from world to world, 'till now his beams
Are quench'd and lost beneath the western main.
The clouds, those floating curtains that obscure
His light a-while, drove backward by his rays,
As he approaches near their skirts, retire:
Glorious, and with superior brightness crown'd,
See with what awful majesty he treads
Heaven's chrystal floor, and, with a bridegroom's pride,
Gayly

FLOWER-GARDEN.

5

Gayly refulgent pours from out his urn
A golden vivid flood of light and day.

Mark all the beauteous scenes, altho' refin'd
By art's soft pencil; say, can these compare,
These touch the fancy, or the raptur'd eye,
Like the bright openings of a sunny morn?
All the rich pomp which theatres display,
Their shining ornaments, the lustres hung
In the proud courts and palaces of kings,
Lose their diminish'd light, and die away,
Whene'er the sun unfolds his radiant beams.

What blessings does this bounteous planet pour
On the glad heart of man, when rolling round
His azure road he scatters as he flies,
To warm his raptur'd bosom, light, and joy.

What would the world's benighted realms appear,
What cells of gloomy darkness, if bereav'd
Of the sun's chearing rays, its fairest scenes
Lost in obscurity, in shades conceal'd?
In vain, alas! in midnight's sable gloom
We turn our darken'd eyes in hopes to gaze
The beauteous face of nature, all around
A dreary waste, a chaos void, and wild,

And

And formless, till the hour of morn returns,
 Unbars the gates of light, and opens wide
 A prospect to the eye, which now unfolds
 Ten thousand beauteous scenes which lay conceal'd
 Before in darkness : now the radiant heavens
 Glitter, with azure pav'd, with roses strew'd.
 With lively verdure each green plain array'd,
 Each flower puts on a glow of richest hue ;
 The wide creation now is seen adorn'd,
 In all her rich attire and beauties dress'd,
 View'd by each wondering eye with raptur'd joy.

The earth we tread, without th' enlivening beams
 Shot from the cheering sun's refreshing urn,
 How gloomy, how forlorn? a lifeless mass,
 A clod of barren, dull, unactive clay!
 What tree could then its verdant leaves unfold
 To gratify the eye? what plant disclose
 The buds just opening all their glossy flowers?
 No more should we behold the verdant meads
 All mantled o'er with green, no more survey
 The smiling vales all crown'd with golden stores
 Of loaded harvests.---Fruitful orb, thy beams
 Have power to penetrate the glebe and clothe

Each

FLOWER-GARDEN.

7

Each vegetable tribe: the spring is thine,
Thine the rich autumn; 'tis thy kindly ray
That swells the generous vine, whose genial heat
Ferments its juices, bids the wine-press flow,
And bends its branches with their yellow load:
Nor to earth's upper regions is confin'd
Thy salutary power; dark caverns, spread
In nature's deep recesses, hail thy beams,
Which fructify the shining beds of ore,
Unfold the saphire's lustre, and bestow
Its brightness on the brilliant, pouring light
And lustre on the ripening seeds of gold.
All nature feels, and joys to feel thy power;
Chear'd by thy beams creation's ample sphere.

Not fruitless only, but unchearing, mourn
The gloomy regions when the sun withdraws
His vigorous influence; how gay the morn
When that auspicious sovereign of the day,
Mounted upon his radiant throne, displays
His beams around, diffusing as he rolls
Richness and beauty to the worlds below.
Creation now, enliven'd by his rays,
Or with his gifts enrich'd, puts on a smile;

White

While millions of gay glitt'ring insects wake
Into new life, and bask within his beams.
Now from their slumbers start the tuneful choir,
Pour out their souls in harmony, and breathe
Their morning mattins to salute the day,
And hail the welcome blessing, which inspires
The early song, when from their turf they rise:
With rural music every valley rings,
Each mountain echoing back the artless strains;
All vocal nature joins the general joy.
No breath untaught to celebrate and praise
Thy chearing influence, sovereign of the sky!

But see! the scene how chang'd---his radiant orb
Eclips'd but for a moment nature pines,
Puts on a robe of sadness, to bemoan
His lamp in darkness lost, extinct his flame;
While the sad pensive heavens a dress assume
Of sable mourning to behold the sky
Without a beam---night rushing on the day.
Th' aspiring lark forgets his morning song,
And, shooting downward from the darken'd sky,
Pines on his dewy nest; the voice of joy
Is heard no more, while roaming for their prey

Each

FLOWER-GARDEN.

9

Each savage scours the wood ; the heart of man
Foreboding fear and chilling horrors seize.

Down from the steep of heaven, the earth to gaze,
The raptur'd muse descends. What meets the eye,
What first salutes us, joyous as we view
Creation's various beauties ? See each spray
Is hung with orient pearls of liquid dew ;
How brilliant, with what lustre do they shine ?
Not the rich diadem that binds the brow
Of eastern monarchs pours a fairer light,
Or glows with equal beauty ; like the bloom
That dyes the virgin's cheek, how soon decay'd !
These short-liv'd drops, the children of an hour,
A momentary radiance scarce enjoy,
Just shine and vanish---while the sun, whose beams
Light up their silver beauties, soon exhales
The pearly drops, and melts 'em into air.
These, like earth's fleeting splendors, for a while
Glitter, look gay---then disappear, and die.

How kindly these soft genial dews refresh
The earth's cold lap, and beautify each scene,
Changing her russet turf to lively green.
The fervent heat which yesterday's hot sun

Shot from his orb had wither'd all her bloom,
Blasted each verdant beauty, and exhal'd
The fragrance and the sweets from nature's brow!
How bountiful and kind that power who sends
These cooling distillations of the night
To quench the fervors of the burning day,
To raise the head of each parch'd drooping flower,
And cloath each herb again with sprightly green!
Sprinkled with these descending drops they smile,
Their verdure deepen'd, and new flush'd their bloom;
Languid their fragrance, and quite faint, before,
Now with more copious sweets the sense regale.

Profusion, startling thought!—what rows of pearl
Now hang on every hedge, on every bough,
Beauteous and glittering!—not one shining spray,
Or blade of dewy grass, but wears a string
Of these bright watry pendants, to adorn
The face of nature, florid now and gay.

How various are the draughts, the schemes how wise,
Plann'd out by heaven's indulgent care to fill
Earth's loaded lap with plenty from the cloud!
Now burst the heavy, fierce, impetuous show'rs,
Driving their angry trains a-cross the sky;

The

FLOWER-GARDEN.

ff

The rushing cataracts now roar, now break,
And spend their furious rage on every shore;
Delug'd is every plain, the rivers foam,
Swell'd by the madding tempest into seas.
The scene, now chang'd, the gentle dews descend,
Form'd in the close of the soft evening air;
Gently they steal along, serene and mild,
And, by insensible degrees, deceive
The list'ning ear, and cheat the nicest eye.

Ere yet her pleasing labour she resumes,
The muse, delighted, chuses to ascend
Yon terras, thence to take a wide survey
Of the rich vales and flowery scenes below.
What prospects now attract the raptur'd eye!
How vast, how various, with what riches crown'd!
Nature's whole wealth pour'd out on every plain!
Amazing magazine! whose wealth supplies
Subsistence to each living kind who tread
The verdant earth, or cut the liquid air;
Supported by that bounteous hand which pours
A rich abundance round, the life to cheer
Of every creature which his goodness fram'd,

See there the yellow golden fields of corn
Cov'ring the fertile furrows, waving now,
And now their heads erect, to catch the beams
Of the kind genial sun, to give the grain
More firmness, and the ears a glossy hue,
His granaries with plenty to supply,
And swell the toilsome peasant's heart with joy.

There stretch the verdant meadows smooth and plain,
Richly embroider'd o'er with gayest flowers,
And green spontaneous herbage, which secures
Provision ample, hoarded up in store,
To feed the freezing herds, now chill'd with cold,
When all the beauteous verdure of the field
Is lost and buried in deep hills of snow.

I turn my eye, and there a winding stream
Glides gently thro' a margin check'd with flowers;
The image of the bending sky, beneath
Impress'd upon the surface of its waves;
Supplying moisture to each root that feeds
The green and branching willow, pleasing shade.
There sport the finny race, all silver'd o'er
With gaudy scales, which ample sport supply
To the still patient angler, and afford

The

The richest treat which luxury demands,
Or taste, the most refin'd or nice, enjoys.

The pastures next, with verdant mounds enclos'd,
Vary the prospect—These prepare a feast
Of healthful verdure springing to supply
Our flocks and herds with vigor to sustain
Their toils, with stronger power their nerves to string,
'Tis here the sprightly horse more strength acquires
To expedite his daily toils, more speed
To bear his lord's commands where-e'er he flies:
While from the grassy plain our lowing herds
Bring home their udders with that liquid swell'd
Healthful and sweet, that every palate charms.

There a tall grove of trees salutes the eye,
High towering in the air, whose trunks appear
Like the proud colonnades that bear the weight
Of some imperial palace.—Every bough
Projects a friendly shade, which shelter yields
To birds and beasts whenever winter chills,
Or when the sun with raging fervor burns.

From hence the strong-rib'd oak is hew'd that lends
Those beams supporting the proud royal dome;
Hence too the lordly masts convey'd, which bear

Our

Our floating fleets thro' seas to worlds unknown:
Nor blush the crackling branches to provide
A fewel for our hearths when winter calls,
And woos us to enjoy their friendly flames.

Beneath the forest's cool and branching shade
Oft spring salubrious plants, whose juices pour'd
Into the wound, abate its burning pain;
Others endow'd with virtues which assuage
The fever's heat, allay its glowing fires,
And still the tumult boiling in the veins;
The circulating fluids hence derive
A hue more florid, while the nerves acquire
More vigor.---Weak enfeebled nature feels,
With life restor'd, her languid powers repair'd.
Near to yon rural village I survey
A grove of stately trees, less stately far
Than the proud tow'ring oak, which yet afford
An object more delightful to the view.
An hour scarce fled transported I beheld
On yonder boughs a beauteous boundless glow
Of blooming flowers.---The lovely chearing scene
Charm'd the pleas'd eye, and swell'd the heart with joy.
But see, the gaudy spring has soon resign'd

Her

Her ravish'd beauties, drop'd her fragrant stores
In autumn's golden lap; her blossoms shine
No longer, while each bending branch is hung
With loaded fruitage. Breathe, ye gentle winds,
Blow soft, ye western gales, in pity guard
The tender offspring from the killing storm
Pour'd from the angry north. Oh! teach the pear
To nurse its juicy progeny, till time
Has mellow'd its rich pulp to the pleas'd taste,
How grateful when dissolving as we eat!
Let the plum hang unruffled on its bough,
And nourish her delicious fruit a while,
Till, ripen'd by the genial sun, her skin
Is finely clouded o'er with glossy blue.
O! let no rugged shocks, no furious blast,
Disturb or rock our orchards, richly hung
With yellow treasures, no injurious wind
Precipitate their burden to the ground,
Before the autumn's kindly warmth has giv'n
Their juices a rich flavour, and the sun
Ting'd o'er their blushing sides with streaks of gold.
Classes of these unnumber'd, their gay rinds,
Burnish'd with various hues, of taste refin'd,

Furnish

Furnish our storehouse now.---Some richly grace
Our morning entertainments, or regale
Our palates 'midst the fultry heats of day.
Some borrow ripeness from the falling snow,
While in the midst of winter autumn smiles;
These load the salver, make a beauteous shew
Amidst the gay dessert, and give a close
To our luxurious feasts; while others fill
Our vats with foaming juice, matur'd by age,
Which sparkles in the glass, nor yields the prize,
Now pure and delicate, to nectar'd wine.

At distance there some green enclosures rise,
And seem to dread a visit from the winds
Blown from the chilling north.---A woody shade,
Or lofty wall, breaks off the rushing storm;
These open to the south their verdant sides;
Their whole expansion stretch to catch the rays
Shot from meridian suns their births to cheer.
One beauteous spot, superior to the rest,
Seems to attract my eye, and lead the muse
Where the green olitory's treasures bloom.
Frugal republic this; how neat, how plain?
Whate'er resembles the proud pomp of kings,

FLOWER-GARDEN.

17

All ensigns of vain royalty that blaze
 In princely palaces are banish'd hence,
 Ne'er welcom'd in this modest green abode.
 The products of this fruitful spot deride
 The glare and dresses luxury assumes
 To garnish out her sons; the garden tribes
 Not gay, but neat, in modest habits cloath'd;
 Where elegance and nature kindly join,
 To plan the rich apartments, which unite
 Their beauties, both to please and profit too.
 Some artful master's hand, with nicest skill
 And just arrangement, all this fruitful ground
 Has parcel'd out in beds of various hues,
 Green intervening allies cut between.

Nor has the florist's care forgot to range
 Each family in its distinct abode;
 To different classes different spots assign'd.
 Amidst the vast variety that spread
 Their foliage o'er each beauteous bed, we view
 No wild confusion---all their dwellings know.
 If then man's eye is raptur'd to behold
 Their regular arrangement, greater joy
 His heart must sure partake whene'er he turns

D

His

His thought to count the various gifts that flow
In rich profusion from his garden pour'd
His table to adorn, and grace his board
With guiltless, grateful luxury.---For thee
The parsley with indented leaves adorns
Thy verdant borders, while, for human use,
The celery shoots out her whitening arms,
And perforates the yielding mould, to add
A luscious taste to thy rich savoury meals.
For thee th' asparagus with tapering stems
Lifts its aspiring head; and, to regale
Thy curious taste, an early offering makes
Of the first fruits the spring's soft season yields.
Her pulpy juice for thee the melon pours,
Grateful to taste, and potent to allay
The summer's sultry heats; whose tendrils cling
Fast to each prop that helps her to sustain
Her golden burden. Like embattled files
The beans erect their heads in martial rows,
Stately and firm; while the weak feeble pea,
A tender invalid, is pleas'd to twine
Her infant debile arms around the boughs
Supporting her frail stem; replenish'd soon

Her

Her swelling pods with fatness, which she draws
From the rich soil, she empties all her store,
Joyous to spread it on her master's board.

On the green fruitful spot all cover'd o'er
With various plants, not one amidst the train
With useless verdure loads or shades the ground;
Each stem that rises in this rural scene
Delights or nourishes; for food prepar'd,
Or helpful to remove frail nature's pains.

All seasons here their diff'rent colours wear,
While, each succeeding each, the ripening sun
Varies their beauties; every plant and flower
Springing at once to nurture and to please.

Oh! why should he who calls this spot his own
Envy the pomp of kings, the proud display
Of regal power! who, walking thro' the rows
Of grateful and obsequious subjects, views
Each to their lord a chearful tribute pay,
Of double use, to nourish and delight,
Oblige the palate, while they please the eye.

At distance see aloft the mountains tour,
Hiding their lofty heads among the clouds,
Their craggy ridges heaving up, as meant

T' assault the heavens---strong boundaries, design'd
By his almighty hand that fix'd their base
Deep as the centre; barriers that divide
Empires from states, and regulate their bounds;
What, tho' their rugged surface may appear
Deform'd and naked, yet their bowels hide
Rich treasures lodg'd within their cells below;
Thence painful industry has learn'd to draw
Fit instruments to turn her forward foil,
To reap her golden harvests, and procure
Each blessing needful to make life a joy.

See there the vast extended ocean spread,
From east to west, stretching its liquid arms;
How high its waters rise, and billows roll,
Lashing the shore thro' its mad angry foam;
See crouding navies cut and cleave a way
To visit distant worlds---beneath whose waves
Th' enormous whale, and all the finny race,
Unnumber'd sail, the arching azure sea
Their covering, and their bed the shelly sand.
This the wide cistern of the world, that holds
In its deep reservoir whatever rills
Water the ample globe's remotest plains;

No

FLOWER-GARDEN.

21

No fountain that pours out its fruitful stream
 To fructify the desert, not a flood
 That winding thro' earth's distant regions flows,
 Nor yet a single cloud that swims above
 Th' expanded sky, but from this fruitful source
 Exhales its borrow'd waters.---Trade conveys
 Its loaded navies o'er this waste of waves,
 That joins far distant nations, and unites
 The east and western world.---How doubly kind
 To Britain's favourite isle, which on her shore
 The riches of both Indies yearly pours ;
 The spices in Arabia's vales that bloom,
 The ore that ripens under stars unknown ;
 This the strong rampart guarding from the foe,
 That both protects us, and enriches too.

Whose heart exults not with a secret joy,
 Nor feels a grateful warmth, when it explores
 The kind munificence which heaven has shower'd
 On man each blissful day to even from morn.
 Shall the glad hills rejoice on every side,
 The pleas'd luxuriant vallies laugh and sing,
 Pay their just tribute to that bounteous power
 Who scatters round his blessings o'er each plain?

And

And man, heaven's favourite, be the last to join
All nature's general joy, nor feel a flame
Of grateful rapture swell his heart to view
Heaven's wide diffusive goodness beaming round
The whole creation? 'Midst the millions form'd
By his kind hand, no creature left unblest'd.

While life inspires this frame, each hour shall flow
A witness of those grateful vows I breathe,
The thanks I pay to heaven's indulgent king,
For blessings which his love unbounded sheds
On man, (the lord of all these chaste abodes,)
To sweeten life, and soften all its cares.
Whatever gifts the earth, the air, or sky,
Can boast, the breathing spring, the morning beam,
The incense that it sheds, the flowers that bloom
To beautify creation, all the stores,
The fruitful valley, and enamell'd plain,
Or teeming glebe produce, with rapture fir'd,
Call all these various gifts of heaven thy own.

'Twas he that tinctur'd with the mildest blue
The azure sky; his hand which first array'd
The earth with vestments of a lively green;
His pencil streak'd with various hues the flowers

Scenting

Scenting the air around with soft perfumes;
For thee the roses blossom, and expand
Their beauties o'er the morning; to regale
Thy sense the jess'mine opes her fragrant leaves,
The gay carnation shines, and lilly blooms.
The rocky mountains, whose eternal base
Is rooted near the centre, tow'ring high
Above the clouds, rais'd by that mighty power
Who cloath'd with beauties each sweet flow'ry vale.

Whose strength, what less than energy divine
Could mould yon pond'rous orbs, whose voice could guide
The various seasons which alternate die
Each into each by turns; on him alone
The whole creation's basis rests, who gave
The universe a being; whose strong arm
First rais'd, whose wisdom still the frame sustains!
Say, should the rapid sun his progress take
Across the heavens, unguided by his hand
The comet's blazing orb, or planet's roll,
Their flights unmark'd, their motions unrestrain'd,
By that directing will that plans the road
Where each shall travel; soon would all nature's frame
Be shiver'd into nothing, orbs with orbs

Con-

Conflicting soon would crush the shatter'd globe,
And turn earth's flaming beauties into dust.
From heaven's bright walks, and scenes above the sky,
The muse descends to humble vales below.
Spirit divine assist me while I roam
Thro' arching shades and scented beds of flowers
That bloom around, and breathe their soft perfumes,
Shedding their morning incense. Here a while
Let fancy range, enamour'd with the scene,
Where nature, smiling in her best attire,
Puts on her gayest robes to court the eye
Her elegance and beauties to admire.
How sweet, how lovely, with what glories crown'd!
Here in a careless dress the nymph appears
Irregular, and negligently gay :
Proud with superior lustre; when she shines,
She summons all the sister arts to lend
Their kind assistance in a nicer taste
Neatly to dress and cultivate her charms.
These beds, the green apartments, she designs
To lodge her common strangers---destin'd those
The curious rooms of state to entertain
Her nobler guests; the visitors she treats

With

With more distinguish'd honours. Here my eye
Shall oft expatiate, o'er these verdant lawns
My steps as often wander, brushing now
Thro' thickets, and now lost among the shades
That cool me, traversing the forest's glade:
Tho' oft, to vary my delight, I make
Excursions from this beauteous scene, yet here,
Indulgent heav'n, to sooth the cares of life,
Oh! may I ever fix my lov'd abode.

What sweets are these which gratefully diffuse
Their fragrance round? Arabia's richest gums
Scarce emulate these odours. 'Tis the flow'rs,
The incense of the garden's breath, that sheds
This balmy sweetness; 'tis the jess'mine's leaf
Her opening blossoms kindly that unite
Their mingled odours sweetly to embalm
Our morning walks, and to perfume the eve.—
Say, while all nature smiles, calls not this scene
The sluggard from his couch—whose head would lie
Dissolv'd in senseless slumbers, when the morn's
Nectarious smells invites him to partake
A feast of fragrancy? Before the sun,
The quick advances of the fervent day

Drink up, and soon exhale with sultry rays
 The volatile perfumes the morn has pour'd
 O'er all the verdant landscape.--Short the treat,
 And fugitive those joys, prepar'd alone
 To feast the wakeful eye; if shut till noon
 The languid flowers all droop, their fragrance dies,
 Quite dissipated by the scorching beams
 Shot from the fierce meridian sun, that burns
 Their beauties up, exhales their humid sweets,
 And melts the air into a liquid fire.

See the great parent of mankind, when morn
 First opes the chrystal curtains of the sky
 When rising from his dewy bed, he hails
 The new return of light, in raptures view'd
 The vernal flowers that round his Eden bloom.
 Oh! hear him thus address his beauteous bride
 Still slumb'ring on her verdant couch reclin'd!
 ' Arise, my fair one! greet the opening day!
 ' Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
 ' Calls you!--Ye lose the prime to mark how spring
 ' The tended plants, how blows the citron grove
 ' That drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed

' How

* How nature paints her colours, how the bee *

* Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.*

How soft a fragrance does the morning breath
From off each spicy border, to the smell
How grateful, nor less pleasing to the eye,
The bloom of opening flowers.---Kind nature here
In nice proportion all her favours deals;
Those gales around the blissful garden pours,
Neither too strong the organs to oppress,
Nor yet so faint the senses to elude.
How often is the sated palate cloy'd
At the rich sumptuous feast, how soon offend
The loathed dishes which last moment pleas'd?
But the high relish which each sense partakes
From nature's gifts the appetite ne'er tire,
Which please it more the more they are enjoy'd.
E'en luxury itself, when feasting here,
Is guiltless, and esteem'd a crime no more.
These balmy sweets at once each sense regale
Instead of hurting, the soul's powers elate
To feed on pleasures pure and more refin'd.

* Milton.

What vivid colours these! some nobly bold,
Some delicately languid! what a glow
Is kindled in those leaves, what glossy beams
Shine in that beauteous bud! In one I view
The ruby, with her bleeding radiance fair,
In this the sapphire, tinctur'd o'er with blue;
All flaming with such rich and radiant dyes
As cast a shade o'er all the boasted scenes
The painter's noblest pencil ever drew,
And rob them of their beauties, vanish'd all
Amidst a group of flowers whenever seen.
The skill how masterly that has dispos'd
The varying tints, some carelessly display'd
Around the foliage with a dash of ease;
Some, finish'd by the touch of nicest art,
More accurate unfold their mingled dyes;
But, whether nicely blended, or arrang'd,
Or soften'd, or contrasted, they disclose
A skilful taste that never fails to please,
A beauteous elegance that always charms.
How fine the texture of the web is wove
On which its shining treasures are display'd!
Say, can the Persian looms a bloom unfold

To

FLOWER-GARDEN.

29

To match their shining hues? or can the thread
 Drawn by the Mechlin needle through the lawn,
 Boast an embroidery so rich and fair
 As grace the various tints which nature spreads
 On each enamel'd bud? The chints, admir'd
 For its gay gaudy colours, loses all
 Its beauty and its richness, and appears
 Coarse as the canvas, when its fading bloom
 Dies and is lost, the bright carnation near.

Go boast, vain man, thy costly rich attire,
 Proud of thy shining velvet and brocade;
 Ambition this how low, how much beneath
 The dignity of man, with thought inspir'd,
 And gifts of wisdom, whom yon heavens ordain'd
 Immortal---to abate and crush thy pride
 View this embroider'd spot, and blush to view
 Each pink and daisy glittering round thee, wear
 A richer dress, more exquisitely fair,
 Than vanity in all her glory plum'd.

Deck then thyself in all the splendid dyes
 That shine upon the queen's refulgent robe
 In royal state, when she assumes her crown;
 Yet each discerning eye that e'er survey'd

The

The beauties of a garden, or beheld
The flow'ry populace that paint the field,
Comparing each with each, is forc'd to own,
The tulip's foliage and the rose's bloom
Diffuse a radiant splendor that outshines
The rich apparel of the eastern bride.

This lovely situation, how it warms
The heart with gladness, drives away the gloom
Dispers'd and vanish'd, when our steps approach
These scented beds of flowers, whose lively hues
And odours, both the raptur'd sense regale,
And touch the soul with a soft mingled joy.

How often have I felt the pensive thought
Quick lost and dissipated 'midst the glow
And fragrance of the flowers that breathe around;
With gaiety inspiring, and delight
The mind dejected with its bosom cares!

Shall then we gaze with wonder when we view
The king's imperial purple thrown aside,
His state forgot, and diadem unpriz'd,
To taste the verdant bliss which he enjoys
Walking 'twixt shining ivory and gold?
Who from the sumptuous table would refuse

In raptures to retire, and leave the feast
By luxury prepar'd, to feed on joys
More exquisite, and pleasures more refin'd ?
Stand we amaz'd that queens should oft forego
The grandeur of a palace, and refuse
The tributes of obsequious bending knees,
Withdrawing from the glitt'ring pomp of state,
To view the gay parterre, where beauties smile
More radiant than the richest courts unfold ;
More splendid equipage a bed of flowers
Than all the lustre beaming from a crown.

Not beauteous only, but the flow'ry tribes,
To please and to attract the eye, all bloom
With various tints, distinguish'd each from each
By different hues---how kind the bounteous hand
Of that indulgent power! tho' perfect all
His works, who yet on all, the charms bestows
Of novelty to shew 'em still more fair.
A regular and uniform display
Of nature's gifts, presented to the eye
In one unvaried lustre, soon would tire,
And court th' offended sight more charms to find
In other objects, different in their hues.

But

But heav'n, still fond the sense to entertain,
Exhibits, to regale the raptur'd eye,
Something for ever new, each species grac'd
With its own native lustre, proud to wear
Its own peculiar beauties, nor assume
A radiance borrow'd from a rival flower.
A single glance from an observing eye
Discovers at one view the mode, and air,
And delicate distinction, that is seen
Peculiar to each class, while all appear
Dress'd in a various beautiful attire.

Some rear their heads majestically high,
The garden's sovereigns, and, with proud disdain,
O'erlook the humble tribes that blush below;
Plebeian these that creep beneath the shade
Of the tall monarchs, who their births obscure.
Others more modestly their tops uprear,
The gentry of the garden, nor aspire
At greater honours than a place to gain
Seated between the low and the sublime;
While some, who all ambitious views disclaim,
Contented with their humble station, creep
Upon their verdant borders; there we view

These elegantly strip'd, those studded o'er
With radiant spots, while some affect to shew
Their bosom powder'd, or indented leaves,
All shining with a beauteous fringe of gold;
While in a modest dress, their aspect plain,
Some, in their native simple beauties fair,
Seem to attract the eye, and chuse to please.
The monarchs purple, see that tribe assumes;
This, all in bridal virgin white array'd,
Chuses its milky bosom to unfold
Unstain'd with colours.—Here no fable flower
Of doleful black appears, nor gains a place
Amidst the beauteous daughters of the spring:
The weeds of mourning, how unfit to shew
Their gloomy heads where all the scene is gay,
And universal nature smiles around;
How pleas'd with soft ideas to inspire
Each bosom in her radiant robes array'd!

View yonder spot—behold a warrior stands,
Clad in his martial crimson—turn your eye,
There the proud judge or magistrate is seen,
Rob'd in his purple; there a brilliant beau
Struts in full pride, his various radiant plumes

Dipp'd in the gaudy colours of the bow
Bending a-croſs the ſky; ſome tow'ring riſe,
And form a curious cup, or pendant fall
In rows of hanging bells; while others ſwell
Their radiant tufts, or elſe their foliage croud
Into delicious cluſters; every tribe
Boaſts its diſtinguiſh'd ſtain, ſome maſter dye,
Which, ſofter'd by degrees, ſoon loſes all
Its reigning luſtre, till, its radiance loſt
By gentle diminutions from your eye,
Faint and more faint, it ſteals itſelf away.
Pleas'd with the gradual change, we ſmile to view
The ſweet deluſion and ourſelves decoy'd,
Finding the lively tints we firſt admir'd
Now loſt, or leſſen'd by a neighbouring ſhade.
There the fine rival tinges each with each,
Contending emulous to gain the prize
Of beauty, ſcorn to join and mix their bloom,
Diſputing the pre-eminence; improv'd
More by the oppoſition, they conſpire
To lend each other new augmented charms.

Lord of the univerſe! how grand, how fair
Are all thy works, by wiſdom all contriv'd,

And

And with exactness still more nicely plann'd?
A single work with labour man essays
To finish and complete; in vain he tries
Repeated efforts, when his pencil strives
To imitate the beauteous strokes display'd
In nature's gifts, the leaf, the plant, or flower.
The architect divine, whose voice bespoke
Ten thousand worlds at once, all with one breath
Begun and finish'd, with their numbers gave
Each being, with compleatest grace to please.
Repeated trials only serve to shew
The flaws and errors of each plan design'd
By human wisdom, awkward, though contriv'd
By man's exactest art and nicest care.
For ages past, for periods that have roll'd,
Lost almost in the deep abyss of time,
Each beauteous structure, rais'd by heavenly skill
And plastic power, continues still to please;
No fault discover'd in the perfect plan,
The first fair model nature's god design'd.
Man's finest products, when minutely view'd,
With greater imperfections still appear;

The delicate designs, the schemes of heaven,
The more we pry into, transport the eye
Still with fresh graces, opening as we view
New strokes of beauty unobserv'd before.

Should any ask, what, when, or whence convey'd
The rich materials chosen to adorn
And beautify creation's blooming scenes,
Where the gay tints, the splendid colours grow,
The stores of shining cryons, varying dyes,
Selected by heaven's pencil to adorn
Creation's beauteous surface?---Say, what need
Where wisdom infinite conducts the plan
Of costly preparations, to complete
Those works almighty power has once contriv'd.
One single principle that acts beneath
The guidance of his forming hand who rais'd
Creation out of nothing, can diffuse
And branch itself into a thousand forms,
Quite finish'd, various all, as well as fair.
The moisture of the earth, and ambient air,
Passing through curious strainers, and dispos'd
In ranges of pellucid tubes, compleats
The wonders which all nature's scenes unfold,
Producing

Producing all those beauties which the power
Of vegetation nurses and displays.

This creeps along the fibres, tho' conceal'd,
Of the low-grounded moss---this mounting climbs
Up to the cedars lofty tops, that hide

Their heads among the clouds; this, tho' unseen,
Attracted by the root, and carried round
In circulating channels, to the eye

Invisible, pervades each leaf that blooms
Or on the tree, or shrub, or lowest flower;

Now bursts into a gem, and now expands
Itself in opening verdant leaves, then cloaths
The spring with all the beauties that it wears.

This single operation has a power
To vivify all nature, to revive

Her charms, by winter's chilling blasts destroy'd,
Opening each fragrant bud that kindly breathes
Its odours on the young reviving year.

This blushes in the early tints that grace
The gay hepatica; this lends a charm

To the rich varied poppy's spreading plume;
It reddens into blood whene'er it flows,
Tinging the luscious mulberry's rich veins;

Its juices more diluting, when they throw
O'er the gay quince a vest of burnish'd gold.
These breathe in all the fragrant gales that blow
Across our gardens, shed the rich perfumes
And incense, scenting all Arabia's groves.

What still endears the blessings that adorn
And beautify the world's delightful scenes,
The regular gradations, when one tribe
Succeeds, soon as another fades away.
All make not their approach at once, nor glow
With one continued lustre, but agree
Each in its various turn to please the eye;
One class of these in waiting to display
Their verdure, when the first has lost its bloom;
Each ready and prepar'd to seize the place
Fill'd lately by the wither'd tribes that shed
Their leaves and radiance, to delight no more.
The snow-drop, foremost of the vernal train,
First shews her virgin head, and breaks her way,
Piercing the frozen glebe, the first to pay
Her early adoration to that power
Who all her shining buds in white arrays;
Dress'd in a robe of innocence, she dares

Venture

Venture abroad, nor any dangers fears,
E'er their young opening leaves the trees unfold,
Or yet the winter's ificles are thaw'd,
Dissolv'd in drops by the sun's melting beam.
The crocus next her yellow top unveils,
Gently, and with a timid air—she hears
The howling winter's blasts that blow around
Her infant blossoms—fearful yet to heave
Her head above the bursting glebe, she hides
Her tender leaves still in her bed enclos'd,
Not vent'ring yet to the bleak chilling sky
To trust her golden foliage, while the north
Pours out its rattling storms across the air.
Nor are the violets gay heads the last
Of all the shining train that cloath the year
With vernal beauty, whose accomplish'd grace,
That might a royal garden's beds adorn,
Yet humbly condescends in all her bloom
To line our hedges, nor disdains to breathe
Her sweets beneath the shrubs cool rural shade.
Freely and unimplor'd her bounty throws
From off her flowers emissive rich perfumes,
While she herself her blushing beauties hides

In the close covert, chusing more to give
The eye a pleasure, than to shine admir'd.

This fragrant early flower that late adorn'd
Th' embroider'd border with her shining dyes,
Oft from her bed transplanted to bestow
Fresh beauty on our windows; see how soon
She fades and languishes, the eye beholds
With sadness all her vernal bloom decay,
Each after each expiring, till at last
Drooping each beauty sinks into the grave.

The loss is soon forgot---for see, array'd
In all her pride, with richest colours gay,
Th' auricula now spreads her varied plumes!
How bright her chrystal eye, her shining robe
Of glossy sattin, breathing sweet perfumes
From out her scented cells, all powder'd o'er
With silver grains of dust.---Not one of all
This spreading family but shines renown'd
With honour'd titles; heroes, monarchs, queens,
Are known to dignify the royal tribes
Of this illustrious race: but ah! how soon
Has the sun's glowing fervor quite exhal'd
Their stock of fragrance? every beauty lost

That

FLOWER-GARDEN.

41

That lately pleas'd, transports the eye no more.
 Whose heart, what tears sufficing to bemoan
 Their absence, had not heaven's indulgent care
 Now wak'd the tulip from its bed to shine
 With rival lustre; this, the gayest tribe
 That flush the rich parterre, in colours drefs'd
 The fairest, blooming nature ever wears.

Say, can the gaudy splendid beau, array'd
 In all his birth-night finery, display
 A drefs more beautiful, or richly chose
 Than this enamell'd flower, whose leaves excel
 The beauties woven in art's curious loom.
 Here sportive nature her vagaries plays,
 Her guiltless freaks indulging, while she sheds
 A thousand various colours to array
 The tulip's glowing leaves; no wantons these
 To kindle loose desire, but neatly drefs'd,
 Their great Creator's glory to proclaim.
 Next view the bright anemony arise,
 With a rich spreading robe her basis crown'd,
 Rounded her head in yet a fairer dome.
 The flowing mantle that she wears, displays
 A noble negligence; its tufts that bend

How gently downward, equally disclose
As nice a symmetry. Fain would I call
This splendid flower the garden's gaudy beau,
Boasting the mix'd felicity to join,
And reconcile the strokes of art with ease.

What wonder next arises to regale
The eye with varied beauties?---'Tis the bloom
The vivid gay ranunculus unfolds.
How bold, how graceful it expands around
Its shining foliage, boasting by degrees
Each still excell'd by each, such various hues
As shame the works of art, and throw a shade
O'er each faint scene the pencil ever drew.
This lordly flower its richness scorns to draw
From powders or from essences, that give
Their merits to the garden's meaner tribes;
This no attractions wants, more pleas'd to shine
In its own native lustre, own'd by all
The favourite of the curious---while each eye
Is raptur'd to survey its mingling charms,
Its elegance of form, the radiant bloom
Its tinges spread; its dignity allow'd
Superior, when it glows with all its flame.

See,

FLOWER-GARDEN.

43

See, nature still improves, her last essays
Still the most elegant---to crowd the scene
With fairer products of her genial care,
And grace the rich collation; see, she wakes
The gay carnation; with what colours grac'd!
What glories round her opening leaves unfold,
Her various gifts delighting to diffuse,
The smell obliging, while they cheer the eye.
In her sweet blooming bud are center'd all
Perfections by each other tribe enjoy'd.
The moment she appears her beauties claim
Attention from each ravish'd eye that views
Her varied elegance, which sheds no tear
The loss bemoaning of each other flower.

While all the rest now bloom, and soon decay,
The beauties of a morn, that spring and die,
While yet we are admiring.---There behold
The gilly-flower, a constant real friend
Attending you thro' every fleeting change
And revolution of the rolling year!
A transient visit while all others pay,
This not a guest, but chuses to be thought
A kind inhabitant, pleas'd to adorn

Your garden, when by winter blasts destroy'd
Each flower beside is wither'd---droops---and dies.

Here let us pause a-while, to number o'er
The wise and kind designs which heaven has plan'd
In regular succession, to display
The flowery tribes, by turns that fade and bloom,
Some starting into life, while some expire:
No season of the various changing year
Without its beauties.---Did they burst the glebe,
At once unfolding all their mingled hues,
What would the scene appear?---a vivid blaze,
A gay confusion, with united rays
The eye confounding, they were meant to please.
Blended together, with too bright a glare
They pain the sight, unable to compare
Each with the other's beauty, which beheld
Each separate from each would charm the more,
And give the raptur'd eye a softer joy.
But here to different classes are assign'd
Their different stations and distinct abodes;
Each blooming after each, allow the eye
Space to admire, to view, and to review,
Their beauties oft, our senses to regale,

Now

Now with their lustre, now their rich perfumes :
This orderly array not only gives
Each bed and flower a more distinguish'd hue,
But to each family imparts a share
Of immortality, a constant bloom,
Which varying, never dies. While thus the year,
Each season is replenish'd with a gay
Profusion of delight—as one declines
Its drooping head, another class unfolds
Its springing foliage, and supplies the room
Of those that time has cover'd with a shade.

Goodness immense! thus kindly to provide
A series of still varying joys to feast
Each human sense, directing every flower
When to expand its leaves, and when to fade.

How priz'd his wisdom and paternal care,
That kind indulgence, which each morning cloaths
Our walks with softest verdure, bids our flowers
And gardens with alternate beauties bloom :
This bed all lustre, while the gems that shone
So lately on the next, are all decay'd ;
Each family directed when to breathe
Their sweets around, and when to disappear.

No actor on the stage, however fam'd,
His entry or his exit better knows.

Say, whose persuasive voice has power to draw
The daffodil from out his bed of snow,
So early to entrust its flow'ring gold
Midst chilling blasts and bleak inclement skies?
Whose wisdom, which informs the various buds
That blossom on each tree, to wait the time
Till genial suns and vernal showers invite
Each branch, its leaves and beauties to unfold?
Say, who directs and bids the clove conceal
Its spicy fragrance close within its cells,
Till summer suns and warmer beams infuse
A richness in her bosom, and conspire
To tinge her leaves with a deep crimson dye!
Who in such order and exact array
Marshal'd these shining troops, and taught the tribes
Each in their proper season to display
Their regulated beauties, which by turns,
Each after each, now blossom, now decay,
One class reviving while another fades.

These are his works, the fair unerring plans
Of that productive wisdom which compleats

In

In number, weight, and measure, all it frames,
Quite from the lowest shrub beyond those scenes
Where angels glitter on their golden thrones.
He tunes the seraph's voice in songs to hymn
Their great Creator's glory, nor disdains
The meanest worm or insect that by turns
Crawl in the dust or flutter in the air :
'Tis he marks out the shining path where roll
The golden globes of light along the skies,
Nor yet forgetting from its humble bed
To rear the violet, or to paint the rose,
With mingling beauties to adorn the plain.
If summer, like a sparkling bride appears,
Bedeck'd in gayest robes and rich array,
What do we here behold but feeble rays
Of that divine effulgence from his eye,
Pour'd out e'er yet creation's beauties dawn'd?
If yellow autumn's crowning the rich glebe
With loaded harvests, to impart a joy,
And glad the heart of man; we here admire
Heaven's bounty streaming still, still unconsum'd.
When the loud thunders roar and cleave the air,
In the dread blast you hear his trumpets sound,

Amazing

Amazing, while they rattle.—In the blaze
The light'nings dart around, kindling the skies
With forked fires ; trembling you view the spears
Launch'd from his angry hand, with terrors arm'd;
When shook from off their base th' eternal hills
Like dust are scatter'd, rocking too and fro
Their bending frighted tops whene'er he frowns,
Here rev'rence and adore that awful power
That shakes the mountains---yet not half reveal'd.

From heaven's bright wonders, scenes above the skies,
The muse descends, delighted to pursue
Her rural labours; here she first surveys
The just arrangement of each plant and flower,
The various colonies, whose bloom adorns
Our gay parterre with one unfading blaze :
Their structure finish'd with so nice a care
Of nature's curious hand, the smallest change
Or alteration greatly would impair
Their regular perfection, serve to shade
Those beauties only which they strive to mend.
Say, should the tulip's leaves, her rich attire,
Irregular and wanton fly abroad,
Just like the flaunting woodbine's rambling boughs,

Or

Or should the jess'mine rear her tender head
On the strong stem and columns that sustain
The lordly holyoak?—did we survey,
Proud of his manly aspect, tow'ring high,
The piony assume a penfive air,
Hang down its drooping head, just like the bells
Of the sweet hyacinth?—or should the eye
Behold the lilly's noble plainness change,
And wear the glittering fringes that adorn
The pink or iris? should the tapering spires,
Arising in the centre of its base,
And tip'd with golden pendants, disappear,
Just like the folding chives that cover o'er
Th' anemony, while blooming; every change
Of that becoming order nature wears,
Would seem fantastick, serving to impair
The native worth and beauty of each flower.

The time and season when each bud should shew
It's opening verdure, is, with prudent care,
(Cautious to mark when ev'ry stem should bloom)
Wifely distinguish'd. Should the flow'ry tribes
Venture to peep abroad when winter storms,
Rattling aloud, infest the freezing year,

H

How

How fatal were the dread effects that wait
Th' imprudent boldness? Nature then ordains
Each family, the shortest stem that shoots
And spreads the smallest foliage when it blooms,
To launch abroad, and its young buds unfold,
In the year's chilling seasons, how severe
Would be the penalty? should every flower
That boasts its rich perfume, unseal the cells
Where lodge its finest essence, and expose
Its sweets to northern winds and winter rains?
Our aromatic artists then, aware
Of dangers from such rashness that would flow,
Postpone the opening of each balmy tribe,
Nor venturing to expose, when chill'd the sky,
Their odorous treasures till the sun has warm'd
The atmosphere with soft serener air.
No longer dreading now the blasting storm,
The shower, or deluge, which the winter pours.

How should the human heart be then dispos'd,
To humble resignation? to whate'er
The sovereign will of providence decrees?
Too often we repine, as oft arraign
The conduct of that wise Almighty power;

How

FLOWER-GARDEN,

51

How vainly dreaming we ourselves could plan
 A scheme much better suited to bestow
 A happiness his wisdom could not frame.
 We fancy that our lot had pleas'd us more
 Some other station than what we enjoy,
 Contributed to make our life more blest'd.

Behold, proud man, the regular array,
 The just disposal of the meanest flowers,
 Then learn to blush, and, ah! to own a shame
 At thy repining folly! Not a streak
 In all their composition, not one line
 In all their lovely features, by a change
 Could be transpos'd, but what would throw a stain
 Upon their injur'd beauty.—Does that eye,
 Ranging in so exact an harmony, the toys
 That glitter in a garden, in an hour
 Shining and faded, pay a less regard
 For human happiness? say, does he chuse
 A proper season when each stem shall bloom,
 Expand its leaves to sip the morning dews,
 And shall his watchful care o'erlook the bliss
 Of his own sons and daughters?—Pine no more,
 Uneasy mortal, know that God is wise;

Thy value far superior in his eye
To each production which his power display'd,
To gild the skies, or beautify the field.

Be still---and, if his sacred will ordains
Sickness to be thy portion, never dare
Arraign his love, or arrogantly dream
That health had been a blessing more desir'd.
If heaven decrees, and from thy bosom tears
Thy blooming beauteous offspring, still allow
These favourite pledges from thy breast were tore
In mercy, tho' to thee as yet unknown;
That power that martial all the starry train
In beautiful array, extends his care
To each low herb that creeps upon the ground,
Conducts the varying changes of thy fate
With vigilance that nothing can elude,
With goodness which is ne'er to know an end.
Bow then thy head, in adoration bow,
And fix it in thy heart, what heaven ordains,
If life or death, if poverty or tears,
Whate'er befalls, *is right, and best for man.*

Midst all the various products which the voice
Supreme call'd forth the third creating day,

The

The shining race and family of flowers
Bloom only with their beauties to regale
And gratify man's senses; none beside
Enjoy their verdure, taste their rich perfumes;
These gifts for him alone by heaven design'd,
No creature else through all creation found
Smit with their lustre, with their odours charm'd:
When does the horse a moment lose to gaze
And wonder at their beauties; when the steer
Once turn aside his steps, as pleas'd to feed
And browse upon their sweets; these, boasting sense
To view each curious object, want a power
To taste each fine accomplishment that shines
Distinctly fair in every herb and flower.

Say, what the wise design which nature means
By all these gay appearances that glow
And beautify our gardens?----'Tis t' enfold
And cherish the soft embryo seed, to swathe
Its tender texture in its infant state,
E'er yet from out its cells call'd forth to spread
Its springing bloom to beautify the plain.

Tho' various ends kind nature may design
In all her works, yet one we always view

From

From which she never varies----to bestow
Delights, each human raptur'd heart to chear.
Had she intended only to secure
A fresh succession from each latent seed
Close cover'd in its cell, the parent's care
Had needles been in such a rich array
Such elegant and beauteous folds to hide
The tender offspring--why such art employ'd,
Such decorations chose, and rich attire
That shames the shining purple, gay brocades,
Softer than lawn, and of a finer glow
Than on the velvet's glossy threads admir'd?
If the great mother had no other aim
But a warm vestment kindly to prepare,
To guard her infant prog'ny when they gain
A vegetative life; a vest less gay
And radiant might have suited them as well
As the most gaudy tissues that derive
Their varied beauties from a Persian loom.

What other aim has then the grateful flower,
Why dress'd in such enchanting grace, why glow
Her leaves with such bright lustre, but to yield
Pleasure to man? For this their court they pay

To

To all the human race, for this the tribes,
The fairest of their kind that deck the field,
Croud round our habitations, rarely seen
At distance blooming from our blest'd abodes.
Tho' rude at first, they joy to thrive beneath
Our cultivating care and watchful eye;
But soon degen'rate, fade, and pine away,
Unnursed by their master's friendly hand.
Quite coy, and fearful each to disoblige
His curious search, they hide beneath the ground
Whate'er may seem offensive to his view;
To win whose favour, and his cool retreats
To beautify and garnish, they display
Their most engaging forms and graceful hues
Breathing, to merit more their lord's esteem
From their sweet beds a flood of rich perfumes.

Nor at all times alike do they diffuse
Their grateful offerings, but reserve in store
Their purest exhalations, to embalm
His morning walks, or when more pleas'd to tread
His green parterre in the cool dewy eve;
Amidst their blooming ranks, when now dispos'd
To recreate himself, they lavish all

Their

Their richest fragrance, and around him shed
The choicest spirits which their buds enfold.

Favourite of heaven! lov'd darling of the sky!
Distinguish'd by its goodness, nobly strive
To rival his munificence and care
With equal gratitude! be this thy aim,
To hymn his praise who lavishly has pour'd
Such blessings, with a kind unsparing hand,
To gratify and give each sense a joy;
When every creature else beneath adores
Heaven's king in silent eloquence, be thou
Their sacred herald, lend to each a tongue;
Priest of the mute creation, join thy voice
In vocal harmony to chaunt his praise.
Oh! thank his bounteous love for blessings shower'd
On every being which his power first call'd
To life, and which his bounty still sustains:
First in the scale of mercies number those
Peculiar to thyself---thy bliss supreme,
A soul immortal, rational, divine;
This constitutes thee lord of all the sun
Surveys beneath, and gives thee to enjoy
The riches which o'er wide creation stream.

By

By this ten thousand beauties are descry'd,
In shades all lost, which else had died unknown;
This renders them the source of each delight,
Parents at once of piety and joy;
By reason's power ennobled to admire
All nature's glorious works, to boast a soul
Stamp'd with our maker's image, to survive
And shine through endless ages, when the globe
Shall moan her beauties buried in the dust,
When worlds are vanish'd, and the lamp of day
(A lamp no more) extinguish'd in the skies
Rolls on a darken'd orb, and every star
Now glittering round the heaven is lost in shades.

Say, should some generous friend a structure raise,
Without thy cost erect a mansion fair,
By art, with every elegance adorn'd,
The favour still augmented, should the hand
That rear'd the edifice employ its care,
With rich and splendid furniture to grace
The sumptuous building which his bounty rais'd.
On thee, lov'd fav'rite of the pitying skies,
Heav'n has this favour shower'd, on thee bestow'd

In rich profusion, whatsoe'er thy thought
Can fancy, or thy warmest wish implore.

For us the beauteous earth how widely spread,
The paradise of man---the radiant skies
Stretch'd o'er us, with a canopy of gold,
Magnificently fair, in azure dy'd;
With floating streaks of silver now array'd,
Now tinctur'd with the crimson's vivid hue:
Beneath our feet a spacious carpet spread,
The verdant grass appears, with threads of green
Wove in each filken leaf, and damask'd o'er
With intermingled flowers of every dye.
The sun above its flaming orb displays
Its golden lamp hung up on high, to pour
From his rich urn a radiance blazing round,
To gild and flush the lustre of the day.
When mounted on her silver car the moon
Ascends her eastern throne, with milder rays
To cheer the universe, unnumber'd fires
Shot from the twinkling stars diffuse their beams,
A kindling glow of light, to break the gloom,
Not meaning to disturb our soft repose
(So mild their light) with too intense a glare.

The

FLOWER-GARDEN.

59

The clouds, beside their paintings, hung all o'er
 Heaven's convex, act the part of shifting scenes,
 And kindly interpose to cool the flames
 Shot from the scorching sun's meridian rays;
 Nor less their use, whom providence has chose
 The fruitful water-spouts, which through the air,
 Wafted by various winds, their moisture pour
 O'er earth's extended regions, drop their dews,
 To fructify each plant and springing flower.
 To thee the fields present their golden stores,
 The fruitful granaries each autumn fill'd,
 To feast thy table; the vast ocean thine,
 That reservoir, which drinks a thousand streams,
 Nor yet o'erflowing.---Every creature spends
 Its strength for thee, ready at thy command
 Thy orders to dispatch---some pleas'd, resign
 Their cloathing, to replenish and to grace
 Thy sumptuous wardrobes, ready at thy call
 To pour their lives away in streams of gore
 To gratify thy taste; the earth, the air,
 Each element a plenteous storehouse, fill'd
 With rich abundance---treasures hoarded all
 For thy delight and use: each season pours

On thee its choice productions, nature seems
Thy bounteous caterer, and, to endear
Her various favours, all are useful found
At once, and lovely; nothing she bestows
Inelegant or mean—each scene is clad
In beauty's fairest robe, proportion guides
Her hand whene'er it draws, exhibits round
A fund of pleasures grateful to the eye,
Which cheer at once, while they our wants supply.

Encompass'd round with mercies, can the heart
Of man rebel against that pitying power
Who loads him with his richest gifts each day?
Oh! gratefully those crouded gifts survey
Drop'd in thy lap by his endearing smile;
See how he courts thy ravish'd heart to own
His gracious bounties, seeming to disdain
All limits—straiten'd by no scanty bounds.

What lively picture here do I behold
Of industry! whose kind and friendly care
This spot into a beauteous Eden turns.
Here we enjoy whate'er can entertain
The eye, or treat the smell with rich perfumes!
Had it been left unnurtur'd, this gay scene,

A gar-

A garden now delightful, had appear'd
A desert waste—the thistle had deform'd
Its beauties, cover'd with the tangling briar;
Soon had these scented beds become the nests
Of noxious serpents, and the lonesome home
And haunt of creatures that infect the air
And atmosphere with poisons which they breathe.
But see the spade and pruning-knife employ'd
By industry's kind hand, have clear'd the glebe
From suffocating weeds, and in their room
Planted whate'er is grateful to the eye;
The rueful waste, by cultivation chang'd
Into gay scenes, with Eden's self that vies.

See with what care the curious flow'rist tends
His springing nursery; each morn and eve
He visits their abodes, with richest mould
Feeding their tender roots; he now supplies
Each plant with moisture, now employs his care
To guard 'em from the insects rav'nous jaw,
Or screens 'em from the winter's blasting cold.
With joy each opening bud he oft beholds,
Attentively observes them as they blow
From fair to fairer still; nor ever cease

His

His pleasing rural labours till they shine
More beauteous, and in full perfection bloom.
Children of folly, shall this range of flowers,
When nurs'd and nurtur'd by art's curious hand,
Spring up and flourish, blossom in the morn,
E'er night their beauties lost, at least decay'd;
Shall these be tended with more zealous pains,
Or warmer application, than a soul
Divine, immortal---ne'er to cease or die?

On every side surrounded, I admire
Clusters of infant flowers, within their cells
The buds embosom'd which their beauties hide,
Their sweets lock'd up within their guardian folds;
E'er long the sun's enlivening beams shall cheer
And open their rich foliage, to the day
Expand their graceful leaves; how gay a bloom
Then blushes on their cheeks, what incense flows,
What rich perfumes, their balmy bosoms breathe?

At proper distances dispos'd we view
A range of stately * stalks; see how they rise,
And stand like lofty towers along the walls
Of towns well fortified; their tops will soon

* The sun-flower.

Asunder part, the stem that lifts them high
With penfile spiky pods quite gayly hung;
From these the wand'ring stranger soon will view
Bursting, a beauteous figure, spreading wide
Its round and yellow plume in colours dress'd,
How priz'd and grateful to the curious eye?

One faculty peculiar to these tribes;
The fondest passion for those kindly beams
The sun diffuses, to unfold their bloom.
Soon as the evening her dark mantle throws
Round nature's varied beauties, see they pine,
And droop their languid heads, their shining leaves
Close folded up within their nightly cells,
Just like the mournful lover banish'd far
From her fair eye whose charms his bosom warm'd.
Soon as the sun now mounts his eastern throne,
Opening the radiant eye-lids of the morn,
See they up-raise their radiant tops to hail
His kind approach, their golden leaves unveil
To meet and welcome the return of day;
Nor lose the sight of his refulgent rays
Before its orb is hid beneath a shade.
The morning opening, you behold the flower

Its

Its golden bosom to the east unfold;
At noon expanded to the middle sky,
And waiting their lov'd patron's flight till eve.

Yon plant *, which to the south its head reclines,
Has beauties which the muse has left unsung:
Just like the fruitful, though the feeble, vine
She spreads a numerous family around
Of helpless boughs, unable to sustain
Their weight unaided by a sunny wall.
As yet the tender shoots have hardly gem'd
Their infant blossoms, closely all conceal'd,
Till time has ripen'd their rich varied bloom,
And open'd their gay lustre to the day.
Amidst the beauteous families that shine
In sunny robes, and sip the silver dew,
That lordly flower the noblest import wears,
And with a more majestic presence glows;
If passing in review---this regent claims
The prize of grandeur, and the first renown,
Due when the sun expands its ample round
And studs its various leaves with sparks of gold.

* The passion-flower.

One subject † yet that beautifies this scene,
And yet unprais'd, demands the muse's quill:
So delicate her structure, soft her frame
And constitution, that she dreads to shew
(Till genial springs have warm'd the balmy air)
Her fearful head, midst winter suns unveil'd;
Chusing to live, when frosts benumb the skies,
Close cloister'd up within the green-house cells.
Of all her kindred species one she claims,
One quality peculiarly her own,
Perceptive life partaking; joining thus
The sensitive and vegetative powers,
Herself the chain connecting both in one.
Strangers, her mystic nature who explore,
Would almost be inclin'd to think her leaves
With some degree of caution were endow'd:
If touch'd they tremble, take the first alarm,
Conscious of danger, while her fibres grow
Contracted in a moment, and in dread
Of violence, from your finger's touch withdraw,
Shrinking her head precipitate, in fear
Of feeling her pure innocence betray'd.

† The sensitive plant.

K

Perhaps

Perhaps her beauteous aspect may be soil'd,
The niceness of her texture discompos'd,
By man's familiar touch---she therefore strives,
Like a coy virgin, with a tim'rous care,
To keep at distance, far from freedom's snares,
Improper oft---too oft pernicious found.

The time is just elaps'd since we beheld
These curious fair productions of the spring,
Rugged mis-shapen embryos; had the glebe
Been open'd, and their roots with care survey'd,
With what contempt th' offended eye had view'd
Their coarse originals? But see how soon
The pride and boast of nature they appear,
Dress'd in their shining robes and gay attire,
Dilating every human sense with joy.
From them the enamell'd stone its lustre steals,
The rich embroid'ry borrows all its shades
And varied beauties: with a fainter light
In the gay tapestry and rich brocades
Each filken flower is taught to bud and bloom.
Art ne'er must hope, with all its boasted skill,
To emulate the beauties of a flower;
How rough its finest smoothest strokes, compar'd

With

With those that nature's curious pencil draws.
The proudest nymph, in richest robes array'd,
Glittering with silver, burnish'd o'er with gold,
To add still greater lustre, to her charms
New beauties, from the pink's vermilion, steals,
More sweetness from the bosom of the rose.

How soon, alas! the chearful muse must change
Her panegyric into strains of woe,
Lamenting o'er the sweet productions, shower'd
From nature's lap to beautify the plain!
With sadness I foresee their speedy doom,
The hour approaching that shall hide in shades
These pleasing scenes, and ravish from our eye
Each beauty of the blooming verdant year,
Deform'd and shrivel'd—mingled now with clay,
A trodden heap, to shine and please no more.

Ye bright, amongst Eve's brightest daughters, view
In this reflecting glass yourselves behold;
Be vain no more, but own your charms excell'd
And sullied by the lustre of a flower!
The frailty of your state how near ally'd
To the swift transient glories that array
Its leaves this hour, and in the next to die!

Those blue vermilion veins, alas! how soon
Scorch'd by a fever, may resign their hue;
A slow consumption, secret and unseen,
May wither all your beauty's bloom, soon pale
Your florid cheeks, and rob 'em of their flame;
Some shaft discharg'd from heaven's avenging sling
May sink, depress, or load your hearts with woe;
Or else in pity should your heaven restrain
Those numerous crouding ills, the lot of all
That breathe this vital air, yet wrinkling age
Is hasting on a pace, which in the dust
Buries each beauty of the young and fair.

Soon shall those sparkling eyes be hid in shades,
Darken'd those beamy orbs, as now they roll
In agonies of death.---What courage then
Sufficient the dread combat to maintain,
Support the trembling heart, when now it feels
The destin'd arrow shot that bids it bleed?
One remedy, one only, yet remains;
Prepare betimes---in virtue's rich attire
Array your soul with heavenly robes, that suit
A being for immortal bliss design'd.
No more a shining object then below

Amongst

Amongst earth's fading beauties born to die,
In light more radiant round heaven's golden throne
You still shall glitter, when its darken'd beams
The sun has quench'd, when stars resign their fires,
When worlds are lost, to fade and weep no more.

How soon, ye flow'ry tribes, must ye decay!
Yon lilly see, the beauteous virgin queen
Of all the gay creation---how she rears
Her graceful head, majestically fair!
Mark what an air of grandeur she assumes,
That dignifies her aspect! If we view
Her lofty elevated mein, array'd
In shining lustre to attract the eye,
The monarch blazing on his eastern throne,
In all his regal pomp, must yet resign
The prize of glory to a rival flower:
August and stately tho' she now appears,
How swiftly does her fleeting bloom decay,
The wonder of a few short transient morns:
Soon her unspotted whiteness must retire,
Her snowy form defil'd, that head which soar'd
So high and proud be humbled in the dust.

A noble

A noble grand simplicity bestows
Its merits on the lilly's virgin robe;
The gay and gaudy colours, richly spread
In varied tints, augment the tulip's fame;
See in what mix'd profusion, splendid dyes,
Her cups are beautify'd; her glowing streaks
Strongly contracted, to each other lend
A fairer radiance, a more lively bloom!
How lately this each border's youthful pride,
The reigning toast, that pleasingly adorn'd
The spring's delightful season with its bloom.
A while it shines in all the glittering dyes
That paint the rainbow's arch amidst a shower,
Transient and fair, like that, it spreads a while,
Its beauteous plumage—but, alas! how soon
Are all its glories vanish'd, each gay stripe
How quickly lost, and splendid now no more,
Each radiant beauty blended with the shade.

Graceful her shape, each opening feature fair,
Still to augment her fame the budding rose
Breaths from her balmy breast a rich perfume:
To this gay stranger often we repeat
Our morning visits, and as oft at eve,

Ne'er

Ne'er wearied with the sweets, its leaves diffuse :
A fragrance so reviving, rich, and pure,
Transpiring from its odorous buds, that all
Covet its close acquaintance where it blooms.
How oft have I beheld th' accomplish'd fair,
The gay Clarissa, trembling at her eye,
For whom so many pensive lovers bleed,
Caressing fondly on her raptur'd breast
This favou'rite flower, that bosom chose its seat
Which innocence and virtue make their home,
Whose rival softness and unspotted white
Vies with the falling snow : yet to increase
Her charms, tho' fairest she among the fair
Contracts more beauty from the damask'd rose,
More sweetness from the odours it exhales.
But ah! this lovely darling of the fair
Its balm and native beauties must resign,
Hanging how soon neglected on its stem,
Or dropping its gay leaves upon the ground.

Pity, alas! our wishes want a power
To give this darling bud a longer stay;
Blooming one vernal month, the next to fade:
It pays us a short visit, in the morn

Expands

Expands its glories, wither'd e'er the noon.
This moment lovely, when the sun has steer'd
A few swift journeys more along the sky,
The verdant scene which entertains the eye,
Each sense with each delight, shall then appear
A ragged desert, a rude wasteful wild,
A nursery of weeds instead of flowers.

Ye flow'ry tribes, how soon must ye decay!
The winter, like some conquering chief enrag'd,
That carries desolation where he flies,
O'eturns the tottering tower, and dyes his sword
In the deep bleeding wounds of millions slain,
Now with his savage unrelenting rage
Hides all this blooming prospect in a shade.
The storms now gather, and the tempests pour
Their rattling blasts that roar along the sky,
And with united violence assail
All nature's treasures, threatening to destroy,
Lay waste, and ravage all her richest stores.
Each tree its verdant foliage now resigns;
Lost every fading beauty of the fields,
Spoil'd of their waving harvests which array'd
Their golden furrows : now the freezing glebe,

Disrob'd of all her gaudy gay attire,
Mourns like a widow in sad sable dress'd.
The sun, now riding on his golden throne
Triumphant, pouring from his radiant eye
A flood of light, inspiring where he shines
Each heart with gaiety, will faintly glow
Soon with diminish'd lustre, from the south
Casting a transient glance, and soon to leave
The gloomy world, o'ershadow'd with the night.
The mournful turtle then no more must breathe
Their penfive songs to the soft gentle gales ;
Nor on the spray each eve indulge their woes ;
Mute now is every silent grove, the woods
With tuneful harmony no longer found :
How sweet the music lately which they breath'd,
Made vocal by a thousand warbling tongues !

Ye flowery tribes, how soon must ye decay !
Yet, could your feeble texture be exchange'd
For the oak's strength, that greater, which sustains
The marble pyramid, how short your stay,
How transient your duration ! Can the flower
Hope for existence long, when nature's frame

Is tottering, when her pillars to and fro
Are shaken, and the world's eternal base
Too weak to keep her shattering orb entire !

The sun, in all his glory now array'd,
Beats fiercely with his rays upon my breast;
To yon inviting arbour's cooling shade
I now retire, where the gay woodbine hangs
Her lucid drops pendant on every bough,
Where the rich jess'mines line the green alcove
Impearl'd, and shining with their gemmy dew.
Hail, ye refreshing shades ! my bosom feels
Your chearing influence, my spirits glow
With new reviving fire, each nerve new strung
Recovers its lost strength, while nimble life
Through all her crimson channels briskly bounds.

Here, on a verdant mossy couch reclin'd,
Enrich'd with fragrance and refreshing shade,
In silent solemn raptures, let me breathe
My grateful aspirations to that power
For ever present---when rude tempests roll,
And toss the angry waves from shore to shore;
When plaintive signals from the bellowing deep

Are

Are heard from fearful wretches in despair,
Or melancholy mournful sighs that breathe
Pale anguish and distress come floating o'er
The foaming surge; how pleasing then to view
The madding ocean, if retir'd to shore
Remote from danger---when the swelling clouds
Pour down their torrents o'er each delug'd plain,
Sweep off the helpless herds, the peasant drives
In his low hut, a refuge to secure;
Then from some mountain's summit to descry
The threatening tempest, without fear or pain,
How pleasing? how exults the heart with joy?

Just such my transport in this cool abode:
For now the sun is blazing from on high,
And shoots its fervid beams---the glowing air
Is all a liquid flame, and red with fire;
Each field is cleft with chinks, each road quite hid
With clouds of dust; the traveller fast hies,
Faint, as he journies to some cooling glade;
While bath'd in sweat the peasant drops his scythe
And cattle to some shady covert fly,
Or panting faint under the burning noon.

E'en stubborn rocks feel the sun's piercing ray ;
All nature languishing beneath the flames,
The fiery deluge from its orbit pour'd.

Here, and how great heaven's bounty! I enjoy
A calm and cool retreat, and in the gloom
Nurse calm reflection, where his beams are lost,
And the sun darts in vain one single ray.

Amidst these sultry heats I still attend
A nation, in defiance of the sun,
Who ply their constant labours, spread at noon
On each expanded blossom; here the bees,
Industrious chymists, suck the balmy dews
From each sweet flower, endow'd by nature's care
With that mysterious secret, to acquire
Wealth for themselves each season, nor offend
Or injure others.---See the golden tribes,
Unwearied with their toil, their flight pursue
From bud to bud, extracting liquid sweets
Drawn from each fragrant blossom : from each leaf
They sip delicious juice, nor fix a wound
In its nice texture, leaving still behind,
Loaded with spoils, more treasures than they steal.

While

While the gay butterfly, with painted wings,
Fluttering, a careless rover, scarce enjoys
A short fantastic feast, the pleasure lost
And tasted in a moment's rapid speed;
Or while the gloomy spider lies conceal'd,
Weaving insidious nests, whose glewy rays
Detain th' unwary fly, or else employ'd
To suck rank venom from each noxious flower;
These frugal labo'ers, wisely to provide
Against futurity, with painful care
Collect their balmy spoils, enrich their cells
With golden treasures, while their summer's toil
Supports 'em in their winter's hive confin'd.

Collected now, in one transporting view
All nature's various beauties I behold,
Each after each unfolded, which before
Cheer'd my pleas'd fancy with distinguish'd charms.
Struck through an antient wood I here survey
A vista form'd, by venerable rows
Of spreading elms, which guide the ravish'd eye
To some delightful object, seen from far
Through the green opening which the stranger leads
Directly to these beauteous blooming scenes.

See

See here each verdant wall, how richly cloath'd
With fruit-trees, blushing with their golden load,
Cover'd and hung with tapestry that shines,
Unartful, wove in nature's finest loom.
View there the new-shorn walks with verdure lin'd,
The allies arch'd with a green cooling shade,
Embow'ring our sweet noon-tide's soft repose!
Thrown open that the kind refreshing air
Might court us to enjoy the balmy eve.
There view the box, whose edgings round enclose
Each beautiful compartment, where the flowers
In different stations are allow'd to bloom;
With splendid figures all their various homes
Diversify'd, that each its bed might know.
The flowering shrubs, and stately evergreens
There strike the eye, which please with equal grace
And dignity, at distance when beheld.
Still to augment our bliss the bason pours
Its chrystal treasures from its humid urn,
Which gives a fragrant freshness to each flower
That drinks the fruitful drops---nor is the ear
Depriv'd of its delight, the waters pour'd

From

FLOWER-GARDEN.

From the cascade, or gently roll'd along
The shining pebbles, murmuring as they glide,
Transport this sense with tides of equal joy.
Endear'd the more by contrast each bestows
On each new beauties, mingling now their charms,
While order with variety conspires
To paint the scene magnificently gay.

Can these bright scenes below transport the eye,
Nor yet incite the mounting thought to dwell
On heaven's refulgent splendors? to explore
That world of bliss, those regions of delight,
That please, though yet unseen; what artist's hand,
Whose skilful pencil has the power to draw
A landscape of those flowery seats that glow
And shine with golden light above the skies?
Would some kind angel draw aside the veil
One moment, and permit the eye to throw
A single glance on those divine abodes,
The earth's vain pomps, the glories that are spread
O'er nature's face, would die and disappear,
Tasteless, and tarnish all—a transient view
Of those resplendant scenes that glow above,

Would

Would captivate the soul, enlarge its powers;
 That after this bright vision, Eden's plain
 A lonely cheerless desert would appear,
 And every beauty now that charms the eye
 In heaven's superior dazzling light expire.

F I N I S.

